

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1813.

[NO. 2.

## The Intelligent Traveller;

OR,

### HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

MY thoughts were imperceptibly drawn from this intriguing couple by a female figure, who had twice or thrice slowly passed the windows of the room. My eyes eagerly followed her footsteps, and I perceived that she entered the house. A sympathetic emotion suddenly seized me; she looked unhappy, and she claimed relief. I was in the very act of going in search of her, when the door opened, and she entered the room.

Distress was painted upon her expressive countenance; her lovely eyes were suffused in tears, and to prevent her trembling frame from falling, she was under the necessity of supporting it by the back of a chair. Every eye was instantly directed towards her; but, great God! what inhuman, what forbidding eyes they were! for, instead of expressing pity and commiseration, they seemed to ask for what purpose she had intruded herself there.

"Young woman, what do you want?" enquired Mrs. Mountain, in an appalling tone of voice—"Aye, what do you want?" repeated the inhuman being, whom I had rescued from the sarcasms of Captain Flash—"Charity," replied the afflicted mourner, bursting into a flood of tears—"Charity begins at home, said Mr. Mountain, cramming half a roll into his capacious jaws—"Oh, demme! sir," exclaimed the captain, throwing half-a-crown upon the table, "who would refuse a trifle to such a supplicating pair of eyes?—Come, come, draw your purse-strings, we'll give her half-a-crown apiece."—"Half-a-crown, indeed!" repeated the astonished Mrs. Thynne; "she is very well off I think already; it is only encouraging indolence and vice."

"Pardon me, madam," said the suppliant, in the gentlest tone of voice; "misfortune of the severest nature induced me to solicit charity—and I assure you it is the first time."—"Oh, it is always the first time, for the matter of that," rejoined Mr. Mountain; "I might as well say it is the first time as I ever eat an egg," breaking the shell of one at the same moment, and directing towards the stranger an insulting glance.

"Will any person follow that gentleman's example?" said I, putting the half-crown into the poor creature's hand; "if they are disinclined to perform an act of charity, let them not insult a fellow-creature's woes; misfortune ought, and shall, be held sacred, wherever I am a party concerned."

The solemnity of my voice, and the sternness of my features, as I made this declaration, produced the desired effect; for both Mrs. Thynne and Mountain instantly put a shilling into my hand, and Sally drew her purse from her pocket, but was ordered to replace it by her aunt.—"That's damm'd shameful, madam!" exclaimed

ed the young soldier; "you are paving your own way to heaven, and shutting the gate against your niece; but she shall do an act of charity if she likes it—so take my purse and give what you please." So saying, he tendered it to Sally, who unreluctantly took from it half-a-crown, and presented it with an air of triumph, rather than with genuine feeling of heart.

As I have ever practised the doctrine of our Redeemer, or in other words, not allowed my left-hand to know what my right performed, I resolved to follow the interesting mendicant out of the room, that no person might know whether I was niggardly or liberal in the boon which I bestowed. Perceiving the adjoining apartment unoccupied, I intreated the stranger to walk in, assuring her she had excited in my breast a sentiment superior to curiosity, and intreating her to inform me by what means she had been reduced to such distress; "for," said I, "your person and appearance convince me you were not born to this humble state." At this moment I perceived fresh horses approaching: curiosity was wound up to its highest pitch, yet I knew it would be impossible to have it gratified without some plausible delay; therefore, calling to the coachman, I held half-a-crown between my fingers, and told him it was to be the reward of civility if he would wait half an hour. The captain had by this time quitted his Dulcinea, and was blustering about the yard, swearing the company were out of patience at being delayed so long.

"We will be off in a moment, please your honour," said the coachman; at the same time stooping down and examining the wheels. "Why, damme Jack, you are a pretty sort of fellow! this here linch-pin would have broke before we had got half a mile" he exclaimed, calling to the hostler, and desiring a new one and a hammer might instantly be brought. The captain instantly repaired to his party to inform them of their providential escape, and I returned to the afflicted mourner, who related her simple history in the following words:

### THE PRETENDED MARRIAGE

OR,

#### THE HISTORY OF ELIZA.

MY father, Sir, inherited a small estate from his ancestors; you probably observed a white cottage, adjoining the mill, and in that humble habitation I first drew my infant breath. My mother unfortunately died in child-bed of her seventh son, and at this period I was not more than fifteen months old. A sister of my father undertook to manage his family, though ill did she supply our irreparable loss; for dogs and cats occupied that affection which ought to have been bestowed upon us. My father was too much engaged in his business to know the unkind treatment we received; and as in his presence my aunt always behaved to us with kindness, he had no idea of the miserable life we led. As a child, I was thought to possess some personal attractions: the lady of the manor happened to see me when about five years of age,

and pleased with my conversation and appearance, offered to take me home. The offer was gratefully accepted;—my little heart burned with delight; for the caresses which Lady Charlotte bestowed upon me, seemed a fore-taste of the happiness I was to enjoy.

Though Lady Charlotte was at that time fifty, she entered into all my childish sports, and never is the sudden transition from misery to happiness to be effaced from my grateful heart. Though blest with affluence, she had felt the severest misfortunes; she had lost the object of her fondest regard, and two lovely children, within the short space of a few months.

Ardent in my disposition, and strong in my affections, the enthusiastic fondness I displayed towards her, was soothing to her heart; and when introducing me to her friends, she always told them that in me she had found a solace for her woes. With maternal anxiety she superintended my education; matters of every kind were procured; and as gratitude inspired me with emulation, I soon acquired a degree of excellence in whatever I was taught.

Though Lady Charlotte had no children, she had nieces and a nephew, who soon began to view with an envious eye, and who subjected me to all those painful mortifications which inventive malice was able to devise. It was not merely from the relations of Lady Charlotte that I received mortifying indignities; for my own envied the superiority of my fate; and if I obtained leave to pass a day in the bosom of my family, I always returned home with my eyes suffused in tears. My benefactress, exasperated against them by this mode of conduct, at length declared I should never again visit the mill; and sending for my father, condemned him with severity for suffering his other children to behave unkindly to her little girl. My poor father unfortunately possessed too independent a spirit, and thinking himself insulted by her ladyship's remarks, unceremoniously told her she was welcome to keep me always at home; adding, that he did not care three farthings if he never again saw me at the mill.

Thus then was I renounced by my natural protector; but the kindness of my benefactress increased, and though at first I was deeply affected by the cruelty of my father's behaviour, a little time conquered my grief, and five years elapsed without ever seeing any of my family, except by accident or at church. As I increased in years, Lady Charlotte's relations seemed no longer to feel envious of the affection she displayed, and not only paid me every attention in her presence, but when she was out of sight. In delicacy to the memory of this amiable woman, I shall conceal the name of those to whom she was allied, and who inherited her personal property and her estate. At the time of my being received into the family, Mr. Edward L—— was about fifteen, and his twin sisters eighteen months older than himself. That dislike which, as a boy, he had always testified towards me, even in the presence of his aunt, in the course of a few years seemed converted into affection, and he took every opportunity



of evincing his regard. The impressions of childhood, however, are not easily eradicated; and I was better pleased at receiving decided proofs of his *hatred*, than marks of love and esteem; in short, he had inspired me with an unconquerable aversion, which I found it impossible to overcome.

I will not, Sir, attempt to repeat the various stratagems he practised to induce me to listen to those addresses which I despised: his sisters even became advocates for him, yet in the presence of my benefactress he was always reservedly polite, and instead of displaying the slightest symptom of attachment, behaved with as much distance as if we had scarcely ever met. This mode of conduct increased my antipathy; but to account for it, he informed me his aunt was desirous of his marrying the daughter of the Earl of C—, a young lady to whom he professed the greatest aversion, yet as he was dependent upon his relation, he informed me he dared not openly reject her choice: "but my dearest Eliza," he would say, "when once the priest has united our destiny, my aunt will then find resistance vain; and that love which she feels for you will plead in our favour, and her affectionate heart will easily relent."

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

#### A FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\*\* I HAD arrived at the basis of a considerable eminence; its easy ascension and the gratification the performance promised, determined me on extending my perambulation to its summit. The prospect was indeed extensive. Nature, dressed in the blooming liveliness of spring, wore a most enlivening aspect.—The infinite variety of objects which occurred to the sight, and the reflections emanating therefrom were highly pleasing, interesting and instructive. The effulgent orb of day having performed its wonted diurnal circuit thro' ethereal regions, fructuating the teeming earth with his genial influence, was fast verging towards the occident wave; his beams had left the green sequestered vales, and were only seen to tinge with variegated hues the blooming foliage of the hills; the curling clouds refracted his florid but now powerless rays, bedecking heaven's beauteous canopy with the varied tints of the inflected rainbow. On the one side lay an expanse of country which bore testimony of a cultivating hand. In the glowing fields were to be seen the tired and sweating labourers diversely employed in the useful and honourable vocation of tilling the earth; as also the different kinds of domesticated animals variously engaged in grazing, indolent recumbance and sportive gaiety; the lofty spires of rural churches, as if emerging from the matted woods, marked the scites of neighbouring villages; the diminutive dwellings of the laborious poor, half concealed by surrounding shrubbery, and the commodious farm-houses, where competence and industry produced happiness and health, were agreeably interspersed with the more splendid mansions of the opulent.

On the other side flowed a deep capacious stream, on whose undulated surface glided numerous vessels, variously laden and as variously destined; some returning and some bound to an adjacent city, the tops of whose most elevated structures were just visible above the intervening hills and trees. Others

deeply fraught with the surplus produce of our exuberant soil, were departing for foreign ports, destined to encounter the perils of the raging deep; thus furnishing to millions of remote beings the substantial necessities of subsistence, and finding compensation in the more rare and delicate productions of other soils, the multifarious fabrications of art, and every commodity, convenient and superfluous, of foreign climes.

"Around the world each useful product flies,

"For all the luxuries the world supplies."

Hence distant nations are united by ties of friendship and interest; a spirit of liberality is diffused; the bounds of civilization are enlarged, and an increase of wealth and refinement ensues. Pursuing the reflections suggested by these animating scenes, I was deeply impressed with the idea of the manifold blessings and immunities enjoyed by our favoured country, and the unbounded goodness of the munificent bestower of them. "*Blest country,*" I exclaimed, "*land of plenty, industry and liberty; seat of every excellence, and great asylum of the oppressed of the world! The yielding earth rewarding the cultivators toils—expels haggard want, and sheds abundance round.*"

"Plenty here in such profusion flows,

"That scarce a mortal wants, or suffering knows."

"And benignant liberty too, exiled from the rest of the world, has here deigned to establish her abode, bringing in her train the choicest blessings of which we boast. Here is no pampered despot wielding the iron sceptre of oppression, and with a liberal hand dealing out devastation and misery. No petty tyrants fixing their merciless fangs on the poor, preying upon them like voracious vultures. No disgusting thing called a lord, erecting his haughty crest, and causing the distinction of master and vassal. No, the rights of man, natural, civil and divine, are here well understood and universally reduced to practice; political equality prevails, and justice preponderates. Civil liberty has illuminated the mind, and aided by its vivifying influence, science has enlightened, and religion has humanized it. In short, justice and compassion are conspicuous virtues, and no manner of oppression is here tolerated or known." I was interrupted in this part of my soliloquy by loud and reiterated cries, apparently issuing from a grove a small distance off. I was instinctively impelled to the spot, where I beheld a ruffian in the act of beating, in the most inhuman manner, an old negro man, his *slave*. At my approach the wretch retired, brandishing his blood-stained weapon over the head of his lacerated victim, and threatening yet to accomplish his brutal design, which my intrusion had thus, for a while, suspended. This incident evinced that my fancy, in her pleasing excursion, had soared beyond the bounds of truth; that I had felicitated myself upon that which, alas! has no being—is an "unreal mockery"—for *true uncontaminated freedom* has no existence here. In retracing my steps homeward, I experienced sensations far different from those I had felt a short time previous; and the contrast made slavery appear doubly horrible. From having considered Americans as peculiarly possessing every excellence, exercising all the social virtues, befriending oppressed humanity, and *indiscriminately* participating in the various good of which our country abounds, I was constrain-

ed to view them, in this respect, as practising one of the greatest enormities which man renders unto man; as mercenary harpies, implicitly yielding to the baleful dictates of avarice, and exhibiting in their conduct flagrant cruelty, consummate injustice, and the grossest incongruity. Instead of the friends of human kind, I beheld in them its cruel persecutors. I looked upon them as ingrates, who, whilst with one hand they sip the sweet draught of liberty, with the other administer unto their fellow men the bitter portion of slavery; thus invoking upon themselves the just vengeance of offended heaven, which even now begins to lower, and threatens to overwhelm them with misery.

Americans! that you may be happy—that you may avert impending calamities, and yet rescue your country from wretchedness and infamy, you must cease to be *unjust*, to be *cruel*, and to be *hypocrites*; you must "*put away this evil of your doing.*" H. M. F.

## Variety.

### BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

IT is observable that women who have no pretensions to beauty are either uncommonly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the cheerfulness of their temper and their talents, are at pains to exert the one and cultivate the other; and they become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women who while they are devoid of beauty are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty affect those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence; and deformity and poverty to instigate it to exertion.

### COMPANIONS OR FRIENDS.

THEY are those accommodating persons whom some people of rank love to have constantly with them, for the purpose of applauding whatever they do or say; whose business it is to prevent disagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious as they themselves are abject, selfish, and perfidious.

### VARIOUS EUROPEAN CHARACTERS.

THE Germans require very little variety; they can bear the languid uniformity of life with patience, even with satisfaction.

The French, though not celebrated for patience, are, of all mankind, the least liable to despondency. Public affairs never give a Frenchman uneasiness. If his mistress is kind, he celebrates her goodness and commends her taste; if she is cruel, he derides her folly in the arms of another. No people are so fond of amusements, and so easily amused.

The English view objects through a dark medium. They are much affected by the vexations of life, under which they are ready to



despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetitions of scenes which at first were tho't agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes itself a cause of desperate resolutions, and debasing habits."

\* Charles the Fifth used to say that the Portuguese appeared to be madmen, and were so; the Spaniards appeared to be wise, and were not; the Italians appeared to be wise, and were so; the French appeared to be madmen, and were not.—That the Germans spoke like madmen, the English like simpletons, the Italians like lovers, the French like masters, and the Spaniards like Kings.

#### UTILITY OF BOOKS.

IT can hardly be conceived how life, short as it is, can be passed without many intervals of tedium, by those who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the assistance of our worthy mute friends the Books. Horses, hounds, the theatres, cards and the bottle, are all of use occasionally, no doubt; but the weather may forbid the two first; a kind of nonsense may drive us from the third; the association of others is necessary for the fourth, and also for the fifth, unless to those who are already sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness and degradation: but the entertainment which books afford, can be enjoyed in the worst weather, can be varied as we please, obtained in solicitude, and instead of blunting, it sharpens the understanding; but the most valuable effect of a taste for reading is, that it often preserves us from bad company. For those are not apt to go or remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

#### DR. YOUNG.

THE Dr. walking in the garden at Welwyn (of which he was rector) in company with two ladies, one of whom was lady Elizabeth Lee, to whom he was afterwards married, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says Young, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend. As persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate, when finding resistance was in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in a most expressive manner spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,  
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;  
Like him I go, and yet to go am loth;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;  
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,  
His *Eve* went with him—but *MINE* stays behind.

#### OLIVER CROMWELL AND ADMIRAL BLAKE.

IT is remarkable that Cromwell and Blake, the most distinguished commanders of their time, were both advanced in life before they were acquainted with arms. Cromwell was more than forty, Blake more than fifty years of age before they were commanders. Blake was an exalted character, of generous disinterestedness, and principled courage. A republican, rational and firm, he disapproved of the usurpation of the tyrant, and only served against the enemies of his country because he thought it right *whoever reigned*, to serve his country.

#### EXTENDED EMPIRE

Like expanded gold, exchanges strength for feeble splendor.

#### A FAIR AND VIRTUOUS LADY

IS the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, and the queen of love. In her every thing is good and stately, so that great mindedness is but the ancient bearer to humbleness.

Her hair (alas! too poor a word, why should I not call them her beams?) was drawn up into a net able to have caught Jupiter when in the form of an eagle.

Then methought the lilies grew pale for envy, the roses blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheeks: the apples, methought, fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breasts. She blushed like a fair morning in May.

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make every thing seem great that is seen through it. [Sidney's *Arcadia*.]

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1813.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Our news this week, in consequence of no arrival from Europe, is chiefly confined to our own shores.

The captures by the enemy on the coast, and the destruction of property in the Bay and branches of the Chesapeake, have lately been very considerable, and must rouse the spirit of the country to a sense of its danger, and to such means for its defence as may ward off similar attacks in other places.

The Philadelphia Democratic Press of the 7th inst. says, "The British have burnt Frederica and Georgetown, two villages in Kent county, Maryland; besides a number of forges, plantation houses, &c. &c."

In a letter from Washington, dated May 8, it is stated that "Gen. Harrison's army was attacked on the 29th ult. in the Fort. A steady onset continued till noon of May 3d, when our express left Huron. Issue unknown. It reached here this morning in four days and a half."

The privateer Gov. Tompkins of this port has captured off Cape St. Vincents, after an action of 40 minutes, the British Gibraltar packet *Amelia*. The crew of the *Amelia* were put on board the brig Commodore Barry, from Philadelphia for Cadiz: and the day following they were sent on board the British frigate *Menelaus* in Cadiz Bay.

The Lord Sidmouth, prize to the privateer Paul Jones, was recaptured on Sunday afternoon within Gull Light, near New London, by the British frigate *Orpheus*. The Lord Sidmouth was a valuable prize—she was coppered to the bends and had a full cargo of sugar and cochineal, besides 80,000 dollars in specie. On the same day the *Orpheus* captured two other American ships.

The brig *Success*, of Boston, for Cadiz, was captured and scuttled the 8th of March, by the French frigate *Arethusa*, who said they had orders to burn, sink and destroy, all vessels bound to Spain and Portugal.

The U. States frigate *Macedonian*, Capt. Jones, sailed from the Quarantine Ground and anchored at Sandy Hook, with the frigate *United States*, Com. Decatur.—The *Hornet* and *Argus* are expected to follow.

The 13th Congress of the U. States will assemble in special session, on Monday the 24th inst.

The ship *Neptune*, with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, has sailed from the Delaware for Russia.

The Albany Register of Tuesday last contains the following article:—"By a gentleman attached to the army, and who left Niagara on Monday last, we are informed, that Gen. Dearborn, after the capture of York, secured the military stores, consisting of a very large quantity of different descriptions, which were put on board com. Chauncey's squadron, and taken to Sackett's Harbour. Gen. Dearborn, and com. Chauncey, had landed from two transports at Fort Niagara on the same day that our informant left it. York was evacuated by our forces, who brought

off two small vessels only, and burnt a third on the stocks. No Indians were captured, and three or four only of their dead bodies found on the scene of action."

Gen. Dearborn's official account just received, says, "I have not yet been able to collect the returns of the killed and wounded; but our loss will, I fear, exceed 100; and among these I have to lament the loss of that brave and excellent officer brig. gen. Pike, who received a contusion from a large stone, which terminated his valuable life within a few hours. His loss will be severely felt."

"Previously to this explosion, the enemy had retired into the town, excepting a party of regulars, to the number of 40, who did not escape the effects of the shock, and were destroyed."

"General Sheaffe moved off with his regular troops and left directions with the commanding officer of the militia to make the best terms he could. In the mean time, all further resistance on the part of the enemy ceased, and the outlines of a capitulation were agreed on."

Of the British forces, regulars and militia, 289, officers included, were made prisoners by capitulation, to be accounted for in the exchange of prisoners between the U. States and Great Britain.

The troops on the Niagara river, under gen. Lewis, were concentrating near Fort Niagara; batteries were constructed, and the necessary measures adopted, preparatory to an attack upon Fort George. Commodore Chauncey arrived off Niagara with his squadron on Saturday afternoon; and it was confidently believed, that the attack would be made on Monday last.

## Nuptial.

#### MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. John Turner, merchant of the house of Wm. Clapp and Co. to Miss Mary Catharine Maltbie, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Asa Drake, to Miss Jane Burnett.

By the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Philetus Morgan, to Miss Elenora Bicknell.

By the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John Brown, to Miss Mary Green, all of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Thomas Stevenson, jun. to Miss Jane H. Sergeant, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Robert Cochran, to Miss Ann Mahoney, both of this city.

At Savannah, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Josiah Penfield, to the amiable Miss Sarah Pettibone, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, at Shrewsbury, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Cruise, Mr. Edward Taylor, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Holmes, of the former place.

Lately, in North Carolina, Mr. James Nipper, to Miss Sally Flipper.

## Obituary.

#### DIED,

After three days illness, Mr. Joshua Queveau Tier, son of Mr. Jacob Tier.

Mrs. Mary Ross, wife of Mr. Edward Ross, and daughter of Mr. Joseph Chadwick.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Wm. King, jun. in the 26th year of his age.

In the 21st year of her age, Miss Sophia Leonard.

Killed, at the battle of York, (Upper Canada) General Pike. [Gen. Zebulon Montgomery Pike was a native of Jersey. He was born in the military service, and his father is at this time a brevet colonel in the army. Gen. Pike was one of those soldiers formed in the school of Gen. Wilkinson, and who caught his spirit and his enthusiasm in his profession; and he possessed the happy faculty of transfusing the same spirit into all the officers of every corps to which he was attached. His travels through Louisiana, will remain a monument of his intrepid character, as well as a memorial of the loss which his country has sustained. He has left a widow, whose soul was in him, and an only daughter of about 13, now at school in this city—it is to his country they must look; for what he derived from the public as an officer, he spent in promoting the interests of his country and his profession.]—*Aurora*.



## Seat of the Muses.

### AN ODD DITTY.

COME listen to my DT, all those that lovers B;  
Attune your hearts to PT, and read my LEG,  
A bachelor of AT, my brains are rack'd with KR;  
Of love you'll find the data, if you give serious ER.  
When twenty summers I had CN, with Kate in love I  
fell;  
A CT wench with black I s keen, my EZ heart did sell.  
For ten long years I courted her, 'twas KT'DR and  
DRE;  
And when she frown'd my heart it bump'd, my eyes  
grew wet and TRE.  
I never once had kiss'd the maid, she was so sly and  
coy;  
Nor never grasp'd her RM nor waist, to snatch the  
blissful joy.  
One day, without much KR or form, my IDs fill'd with  
love,  
I slipt into her room, and saw what made H passion  
move.  
A fav'rite beau, in TP dress, was kissing her quite free;  
To love her after this, says I, a great fool I must B.  
To XMN then her love I tri'd, and found it all a whim;  
To hate her then, I tri'd, my best, and not to NV him.  
Her FIG in paper cut, I tore and threw away,  
Resolv'd some way to find a QR, at least make one SA.  
Of absence then the FIKC I tri'd, but all in vain;  
My MT head, and too full heart, felt hard the aching  
pain.  
My throbbing heart, would not be EZ, to see her scoff  
and GR,  
Till DZ I did not get myself with drinking punch  
and BR.  
From love's fever and A Qfortis, free since, I've ever BN,  
Nor am I plagu'd with curs'd relapse, for which I  
sing TDM.  
Should NE one wish love to shun, tis plain as ABC,  
That he must mind his Ps and Qs, or he's fix'd to a T.  
Then live a jolly bachelor, let Cupid sing to thee.  
"YYs UR, YYs UB, IC UR YYs for me."

### NATIVE POETRY.

*From the Richmond Enquirer.*

### THE SON OF OCEAN.

SON of the rough and roaring wave!  
To every claim and danger known,  
Thy dauntless energy we crave;  
Thy dauntless energy we own—  
Son of the Sea! at that bright name,  
The Muses love their lyres to swell  
To deck the laurell'd wreath of fame,  
And deathless deeds of glory tell.  
Son of the widely-waring waste!  
Where ships in battle bold unite;  
Where gallant hearts to quarters haste,  
Terrific frown, and frowning, fight;  
But when the leeward flash is seen,  
And peace her soothing accents lend,  
The Son of Ocean smiles serene,  
And calls the vanquish'd foeman—"friend!"  
Son of the howling mountain wave!  
Where thunders roll, and lightnings flash,  
Where loud the vext tornadoes rave,  
And spars descend and timbers crash—  
Though long the wrecking ruin reigns,  
And wave on wave the deck o'erwhelm,  
The Son of Ocean ne'er complains,  
But guides, with steady hand, his helm.  
Son of the lofty-heaving deep!  
Where zephyr smiles the tempests steal;  
Where, rock'd to rest, the billows sleep,  
Or murmur mildly round thy keel;  
When virgin hopes, on shore, are strong  
To see again the sailor youth,  
The Son of Ocean helms along,  
And sings of rosy Love and Truth.  
Son of the flashing surge sublime!  
When fiery flakes thy bows illumine;  
On shore, when flames infuriate climb,  
And wrap in death the tottering dome;

When helpless beauty fearful sighs,  
And many a trembling prayer prefers,  
The Son of Ocean hears her cries,  
And saves, or gives his life with hers.  
Son of the waving waters wild!  
O'er which thy bark the breeze impels:  
On shore, when lorn affliction's child  
With feeble voice and figure tells  
How hard, though different once, she lives,  
By loss of friends and weight of years—  
The Son of Ocean feels and gives,  
If nothing else to give—his tears!  
Son of this fondly favouring gale!  
That homeward on his quarter plays,  
Thy name the youthful minstrels hail  
In mingled songs of love and praise.  
And lo! thy happy natal shore,  
Where kindred dear, and true love dwell!  
Where Ocean waves are heard no more—  
—Son of the dimpling flood—farewell!

## Morality.

### EARLY RISING.

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
"With charms of earliest birds."

EARLY rising promotes our prosperity and  
usefulness, is conducive to our health, invigo-  
rates our intellectual faculties, and is ranked  
among our moral duties. Instead of enjoying  
the pleasures and delights which the morning  
affords to early risers, the votaries of Morpheus,  
reposing on their pillows, have but negative  
happiness, while all creation seems animated  
with general joy and the feathered choir are  
hymning their melodious songs—the diligent  
farmer who rises with the morning sun and  
reassumes his daily employment, enjoys a far  
greater degree of happiness than the sluggard  
who passes away the sweetest part of the day  
by indulging himself with unnecessary repose,  
whose mind is absorbed in visionary dreams.

At this season of the year what pleasure do  
early risers participate, which the sons of sloth  
reclining on their pillows are willing to forego!  
What exquisite delight does it afford to the  
contemplative mind to view the bright orb of  
day, travelling his daily route, lighting up the  
morning with his golden beams, giving to the  
distant hills a variegated attire and smiling up-  
on the face of nature; to hear the sweet accents  
of the feathered tribe and to view the green  
grass shooting up spangled with the morning  
dew; all nature is reanimated and welcomes  
the return of his cheering rays.—Our mental  
faculties are brighter, more vigorous and sus-  
ceptible of improvement in the morning than  
any other part of the day.—This then is the  
best time for deep meditation and study. The  
student will therefore find much advantage in  
early rising. Wealth is no cause for indolence.  
Rather than pass the best part of the day buried  
in sleep, let the wealthy rise early and relieve  
the distresses of the poor and needy. Let those  
who would recover or preserve their health  
rise early, as the pure and fresh breezes of the  
morning are free from noxious exhalations, and  
are greatly conducive to health. To those  
who prefer passing the morning in senseless  
slumber to the delicious banquet which in a  
morning walk, the green herbage, fragrant  
flowers and reviving gales afford, the immortal  
bard speaks in the sweetest strain of poetic  
measure.

Awake, the morning dawns, and the fresh fields  
Calls you: ye lose the prime to mark how springs  
The tender plants; how blows the citron grove;  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed!  
How nature paints her colours; how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets;

## Anecdotes.

### SCOTCH BAGPIPER.

A SCOTCH bagpiper, travelling in Ireland,  
open'd his wallet by a wood side, and sat down  
to dinner. He had no sooner said grace, than  
three wolves came about him. To one he  
threw bread, to another meat, till his provision  
was all gone. At length he took up his bag-  
pipes, and began to play, at which the wolves  
ran away. "The deel faw me," said Sawney,  
"an I had kenn'd ye lo'ed music sae well, ye  
shou'd ha'e had it afore dinner."

### THE PRISONER AND MAGISTRATE.

A PRISONER being brought up to Bow-  
street, the following dialogue passed between  
him and the sitting magistrate: "How do you  
live?" "pretty well, Sir, generally a joint-and  
pudding at dinner!" "I mean, Sir, how do  
you get your bread?" "I beg your Worship's  
pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and some-  
times at the Chandler's shop." "You may be  
as witty as you please, Sir; but I mean simply  
to ask you, how do you do?" "Tolerably well,  
I thank your worship: I hope your worship is  
well."

### CLERGYMAN AND A TAR.

A CLERGYMAN chose for his text the  
following words: "Which of you will go up  
with me to Ramoth-Gilead?" Then pausing,  
he again and again repeated the words, when  
a gallant tar started from his seat, and looking  
around him with an eye full of indignation, he  
exclaimed, "Will none of you go with the  
worthy gentleman? Then d—me, I will go  
myself."

### MATRIMONIAL CONTENTION.

A PERSON happening to call one day on  
an acquaintance, found him exercising on his  
wife that discipline which Jobson employs in  
the farce of the "Devil to Pay;"—and being  
hurt at the ungenerous task undertaken by his  
friend, he begged of him, by all the ties of hon-  
our, to forbear; at the same time asking him  
the occasion of such severe treatment. "The  
occasion is," said the enraged husband, "that  
she will not be mistress in her own house."  
The gentleman expressed great astonishment  
at the answer, and remarked, that the fault  
was such as he believed no woman ever gave  
her husband occasion to thrash her for before.  
"Ah!" said the husband "but my wife won't  
be mistress,—she wants to be master!"

### COUNTRYMAN AND SHOPKEEPER.

A COUNTRY fellow, just come up to Lon-  
don, and peeping into every shop as he passed  
by, at last looking into a scrivener's; where  
seeing only one man sitting at a desk, could  
not imagine what was sold there; and calling  
to the clerk, said, "Pray, Sir, what do you  
sell?" "Loggerheads," cried the other. "Do  
you so," (said the countryman?) "Truly, you  
have a special trade then, for I see you have  
but one left."

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